And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.
Play. Feare not my Lord we can containe our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.
Lord. Go ſirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He bare himſelfe with honorable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is 't your Honor doth command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde imbracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe-conuci'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the dr
And how my men will ſtay the
When they do homage to this
Ile in to counſell them: haply
May well abate the ouer-merri
Which otherwiſe would grow

Enter aloft the drunkard with
Baſon and Ewer, & other ap
Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſ
1 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Lor
2 *Ser.* Wilt pleaſe your Ho
3. *Ser.* What raiment will
Beg. I am *Chriſtophero S*
ſhip: I ne're dranke ſacke in m
ſerues, giue mee conſerues of E
weare, for I haue no more dou
ings then legges: nor no more
feet then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes
uer leather.
Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idl
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo hig
Should be infuſed with ſo fou
Beg. What would you make
old *Slies* ſonne of Burton-heat
Cardmaker, by tranſmutation
profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *M*
Wincot, if ſhee know me not
ſcore for ſheere Ale; ſcore
Chriſtendome. What I am no
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that m
Lord. Hence comes it, tha
As beaten hence by your ſtran
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke the
Call home thy ancient though
And baniſh hence theſe abiect
Looke how thy ſeruants do att

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